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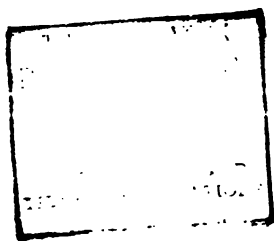
















ST. AUGUSTINE  
BY

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## INTRODUCTION

TRUE mystics were the poets of the church throughout its early centuries and the Middle Ages,—the leaders of what Professor Müller calls Mystic Christianity. In these monks and priests were combined such splendor of vision and such childlike simplicity of imagination.



and in which they  
believed. This may  
the essentially impers  
tude even in the later,  
emotional poetry of  
"The Jubilee Rhyth  
Bernard of Clairvaux  
example. Even in t  
personal element is qu  
in the description  
visions

individual moods, such as color  
some modern devotional verse  
and make religion appear a  
salve for the disappointed  
rather than an inspiration for  
the hero. The thoughts of  
the mediæval hymn-writers  
were fixed on the facts of their  
belief and on the theories of  
their theology, and life itself  
was in those days

gling piteously  
ism and feeling  
ly and falter-  
e paths of gov-  
In society are  
stoms that once



position, and those customs which tended to pride in calling and to fellowship among craftsmen have vanished with the distinguishing costumes and the distinctive pageants. In America the debt to the Middle Ages is hardly to be traced even in such survivals as England and the continent may show : and were it not

antique world was broken, and as the final and fearful stage of its decadence. The period had something of this quality, as it held within its turbulent life something of every quality, of every time. With nations only in the making, the Middle Ages partake of the characteristics of all the peoples who

French, or Spanish, or Italian, but simply mediæval; and the monasteries, whence came the Latin hymns, whether of St. Victor, or Cluny, or Portiuncula, have their abiding-places marked rather by touch than by map.

On the decline of the classical Latin there arose a popular

new main religious

literary curios. As it was  
church alone, despite its faults  
that conserved and spread  
learning in those dark ages  
that held the only ideal  
toward which the highest  
minded might strive, and thus  
served as the one unifying  
force amid the distracted and  
unrelated peoples; so at first  
were the religious writings.

tin of Virgil that was  
is spread among the people,  
d in which they learned the  
ctrines and the aspirations  
their religion. The Latin  
Fortunatus, of Notker, of  
thomas Aquinas, has been  
eemed by some but a dimin-  
hed tongue. On the other  
and, it may well be held that  
imposed by



—PAGE OF THE I

peninsula came into its  
Assuredly this was not  
poetry of a decline; it  
rather that of a new birth  
bore within its unaccusto  
measures the fire of- yo  
the enthusiasm of a mig  
faith, the ardor of a sple  
cause.

Not until the publication  
Dr. T

many translators have done scholarly work in bringing all that is finest in these hymns and sequences within the reach of the English reader. A few of these renderings find their way into hymn-books, but many of the best are not fitted, or must be adapted, for congregational use. With a few exceptions

from which these were taken for church use and still found in the Roman Breviary. Bernard of Clairvaux's "Hora novissima" is a translation of his long poem on the horrors of his times, entitled "De contemptu mundi."

Devotional poetry, from the fourth to the ninth century is for the most part a

the beginnings of this form, and closing with an invocation to the Trinity. These concluding invocations, though varying in the different monasteries, are practically the same and are added to any hymn. The Ambrosian hymns are rugged and direct. They show the influence of the Greek philosophers upon the minds of the Fathers of the early centuries and share neither the doctrinal nor the sentimental tendencies of the later hymns. The interests of the leaders of the Church in those formative days were keenly intellectual, and the

of the Church.

Hilary's morning hymn is one of the earliest that have survived, and words to these were doubtless sung by the Christians who are described as gathering at daybreak to sing hymns to their God. The version of Gregory the Great, two hundred years later, "Gloria in excelsis deo,"

garments, a custom to which harks back the dress of the little girls, decked in veil and coronal, whom we meet now and then in the springtime upon our streets. "Æterne-  
rum Conditor" and "Splendor Paternæ gloriæ" are mentioned by Augustine as the work of Ambrose, and the

prose known as the *Notker*, a monk of  
was the first to bring  
use. He is the au  
many and beautiful  
but the "*Cantemus* c  
the only one known  
lish readers, unless it  
was the author of th  
beautiful prose of all,  
vita in morte -

... the words, uttered  
by mourners during hundreds  
of years, "In the midst of life  
we are in death."

The prose of Theodulph,  
"Gloria, laus et honor," a pro-  
cessional for Palm Sunday,  
has one stanza, now omitted,  
that was used in all simplicity  
until the seventeenth century.  
It is put into quaint English



isian Breviary, also, the work was ably done of the ancient hymns selected and their places filled with stanzas by others. The translations chosen have been mainly from the older Latin. Dr. Copeland's fine rendering of Gregory's hymn for

seventeenth cen-  
nce used in the  
ervices for the  
riests and for the  
of bishops. This  
ever lost its rank  
tately and solemn  
dedications, and  
ions. Though it  
h certainty be  
period earlier than

cloister walls, to the  
which were to add g  
to the ceremonies of t  
The "Veni Sancte S  
the Golden Sequence,  
other hymn of whic  
would wish to know  
thor and to thank him.  
perfect a prayer to the  
of the fatherless wher  
to-day, at Whitsuntide

1000. Of all the translations of this mediæval poetry, the rendering of the "Hora novissima" by Dr. Neale carries into a foreign language the most of the energy and the music of the original words, a result curious in that Dr. Neale entirely disregards the dactylic hexameter of Ror

penned in the darkness of  
twelfth century. It breathes  
at once the spirit of  
Hebrew shepherd and  
the beauty-loving Greek  
the Beloved Disciple and of  
Heroes of Asgard.


Most difficult is it to choose  
between the renderings of  
“Dies Iræ,” and the best of  
them cannot give the me-

better than does  
er rendering the rush  
orce of the original  
ave helped to make  
most popularly known  
he mediæval hymns. It  
ags forth its startling  
ns upon each All Souls'  
nd in the Roman order  
e burial of the dead.  
ns tells of the scene

titute like a sentence  
It is a picturesque  
that these terrible  
the Day of Judgment  
have been written by  
of Celano, the friar  
ographer of the ge  
cis of Assisi. St  
hymn, the "Cantic  
Creatures," is not  
but is of the very

ggeratic  
orced u  
owers.

The f  
authors  
Maters





...and human sense of desolation.  
The dramatic quality,  
of the "Stabat Mater" de-  
scribed its use by the  
priests in those ghastly  
processions through the towns by  
another fear, that of  
the destruction of a lost world  
added to the terrors de-  
scribed an ignorant and h

the simple piety  
ness that mark the  
he Latin religious  
it has seemed ex-  
include them for  
their spirit, at once  
, so joyous, and so  
That these lines  
work of one of the  
Roman priests of  
's reign is a tradition

as we have conjectured  
written by burde  
or humble monk,  
bishop, these scatt  
have that without  
literature must be  
ing. In rude and  
disheartened days  
with unfaltering as  
noble ideal, to a re  
the beautiful in the

## **INS OF THE MIDDLE AGES**



1882

### LARGITUR SPLENDIDE

ounteous Giver of the light,  
glorious, in whose light serene,  
the night has pass'd away,  
pours back her sunny sheen,

the world's true Morning Star,  
at which on the edge of night,  
ald of a little orb,  
with a dim and narrow light;

That in the needs of common time  
In converse with our fellow men,  
We may be free from every crime.

Be every evil lust repell'd  
By guard of inward purity,  
That the pure body evermore  
The Spirit's holy shrine may be.

These are our votive offerings,  
This hope inspires us as we pray,  
That this our holy matin light  
May guide us through the busy day

AD COENAM AGNI PROVIDI

**A**T this high feast the Lamb hath made,  
In shining robes of white arrayed,  
The passage of the Red Sea o'er,  
To Christ our Prince we sing once more,

Whose sacred body was for us  
Broken on the altar of the Cross:  
And tasting of His roseate blood  
We live forevermore in God;

Saved on this wondrous Paschal night  
From the destroying angel's might:  
And rescued, a rejoicing prey,  
From ruthless Pharaoh's tyrant sway.

For Christ, the Lamb without a stain,  
To be our Sacrifice is slain;  
And Very Truth's unleavened bread,  
His flesh, is our oblation made.

-



From hell's abyss hath vic  
Abased in chains the tyrant  
The gates of Paradise unf

All glory, gracious Lord!  
Who rose from death triumphant  
The Father and the Holy Spirit  
Long as eternity shall last

*Fou*  
*John I*

FRAMER of the earth and sky,  
Ruler of the day and night,  
With a glad variety,  
Tempering all, and making light;

Beams upon our dark path flinging,  
Cutting short each night begun,  
Hark! for chanticleer is singing,  
Hark! he chides the lingering sun.

And the morning star replies,  
And lets loose the imprison'd day;

Chide the slumberers as  
And arrest the sin-o'er

Hope and health are in l  
To the fearful and the  
Murder sheathes his blad  
Faith revives when fai

Jesu, Master! when we s  
Turn on us Thy healin  
It will melt the offence v  
Into penitential grace:

*John Henry Newman, tr.*

**I** The morning shines all to  
The heavens resound  
high,

The earth's exulting songs re  
Hell wails a great and bitter

For He, the strong and rightf  
Death's heavy fetters severing  
Treads 'neath His feet the an  
Redeems a wretched race from

Vainly with rocks His tomb th  
While Roman guards kept wat

**The shining angels, as they speed,  
Proclaim, "The Lord is risen indeed !"**

**The sad apostles mourn'd their loss,  
They mused upon the shameful Cross,  
They mourn'd their Master basely slain,  
They knew not He must rise again.**

**The women came to embalm the dead ;  
To them the angel gently said,  
With gracious words, "In Galilee  
Your risen Lord ye now may see."**

**Then hasting on their eager way,<sup>7</sup>  
The blessed tidings swift to say,  
At once their living Lord they meet,  
And stoop to kiss His sacred feet.**

**When the bereaved disciples heard,  
Their hearts with speechless joy were  
          stirr'd;**

**They also haste to Galilee,  
Their Lord's adoréd face to see.**

His pierced hands to show  
Where Love's divinest rad  
They with the angel's mes  
Proclaim, "The Lord is ri

Oh Christ, our King comp  
Our hearts possess; on Th  
That we may render prais  
To Thee the endless ages

*Four*  
*Elizabeth*

His light essential ray,  
Of splendour, Light of light,  
That dost illumine the day;  
With unsullied beam,  
Truth, descending stream  
On our clouded sense  
By Spirit's influence.

Thee too we implore;  
Thine, of almighty grace;  
Of eternal power;  
Of sin from us efface.

.....



Freely let us drink and eat  
And our gladden'd souls in  
With the Spirit's healthful

Joy be ours the passing of  
Purenness like the morning  
Faith as clear as noontide  
May the mind no twilight  
Welcoming the dawning  
Thus we pray a holier light  
From the eternal Fountain  
On our waken'd souls may

ooms of night ! ye clouds and shade !  
'er earth in dim confusion spread !  
it is here ! behold the dawn !  
ometh ; haste ye and begone !

dusky veil is rent away,  
by the sparkling beams of day ;  
ues o'er nature's face return,  
by the quickening glance of morn.

t ! to Thee, our only Sun,  
ire and simple hearts we turn ;

With Father and with H  
Long as eternity shall la

*Prudentius*

*John D. (*

At length is heard,  
its morning torch is lit,  
and small and still  
Christ's accents thrill  
the heart, rekindling it.

ay, He cries,  
th languid eyes,  
kly slumbers profitless!  
n at hand,  
watchers stand,  
and truth, and holiness.

The fetters break,  
Jesu ! which night has forged  
Yea, melt the night  
To sinless light,  
Till all is bright and glorious.

To Father, Son,  
And Spirit, One,  
To the most Holy Trinity,  
All praise be given  
In earth and heaven,  
Now, as of old, and endlessly.

banner hoars on high,  
Cross is gleaming in the sky,  
whom all flesh was made,  
flesh is there displayed.

Thy eyes of pity here;  
pierce Him with a spear;  
Thy sins flows out a tide  
water from His side.

And what was of old  
truthful verse foretold:  
Thy Cross, as from a throne,  
Behold God's Son looks down.

Than precious oils more ex  
Proud of the Fruit which t  
Thou dost a look of triumph

Hail! sacred altar; Victim  
We celebrate the wondrous  
How life by death was over  
And life for all men sprang

Hail! blessed Cross to which  
For refuge in our agony;  
In pious souls, add grace t  
In guilt, all their guilt eff

with glory more than woe  
and the triumph,  
to all below,  
the world's Redeemer  
and bound His foe.

ity for the ruin  
made father's fall,  
l fruit he tasted,  
thful staking all,  
at the tree of Calvary,  
to match withal.



ered  
wiles.

,

frame  
or  
me.

ig,

'd ;



Fainting, lo! the gall He tasteth;  
See the thorns, the nails, the spear,  
From His ebbing life are drawing  
Crimson blood and water clear!  
Fit for cleansing souls, and cleansing  
Earth, and sea, and starry sphere.

Faithful Cross of Christ, we hail thee;  
Of all trees on earth most fair;  
None in all the forest yieldeth  
Leaf, or flower, or fruit so rare.  
Sweetest wood, yea, sweetest iron!  
Sweetest burden, fit to bear.

ree of awful beauty, bend thee,  
Bend; thy stubborn branches bring  
tly round the form thou bearest;  
Ver His head thy shadow fling;  
tly in thine arms uphold Him,  
or of glory He is King.

hy thou to bear the ransom  
a shipwreck'd world art found,

Judge of all! when Thou  
Throned in awful maje  
When aloft Thy Cross eff  
Beams amid the Milky  
O be Thou, Thyself, our  
And the dawn of endle

Glory, glory, everlasting  
To the blessed Trinity  
Praise to Thee, Eternal  
Praise, Eternal Son, t  
Praise to Thee, Eternal  
Three in One, and On

Father of might, enthron'd in light,  
Thee with o'erflowing lips we pray,  
Oh, quench the fire of low desire,  
Each deed of ill drive far away.

Be chaste and pure, from fall secure  
The fabric of our mortal frame,  
Nor kindling lust make this frail dust  
Meet fuel for a fiercer flame.

Saviour of all, on Thee we call,  
Oh, wash away our deep disgrace,  
And thus Thine own, all-bounteous, crown  
With never-ending life and peace.

This, Father, grant to our sore want,  
And Thou, alone-coequal Son,  
And Spirit blest, with both confest,  
Who reign'st Eternal Three in One.

*Gregory the Great, sixth century.*

*William J. Copeland, tr.*

When from the grave, uprise  
Our Maker and Redeemer

From every eye let slumber  
Let all before the dawn arise  
And seek by night th' Eternal  
As bids the prophet, timely

So may He hear our matins  
And His right hand stretch  
And cleans'd from stain of  
Restore us to the heaven land

Father of might, enthron'd in light,  
Thee with o'erflowing lips we pray,  
Oh, quench the fire of low desire,  
Each deed of ill drive far away.

Be chaste and pure, from fall secure  
The fabric of our mortal frame,  
Nor kindling lust make this frail dust  
Meet fuel for a fiercer flame.

Saviour of all, on Thee we call,  
Oh, wash away our deep disgrace,  
And thus Thine own, all-bounteous, crow  
With never-ending life and peace.

This, Father, grant to our sore want,  
And Thou, alone-coequal Son,  
And Spirit blest, with both confest,  
Who reign'st Eternal Three in One.

*Gregory the Great, sixth century*  
*William J. Copeland, tr.*

Thou whose countless throngs  
    joy thy street, of gold:  
Graven on thee new and glorious  
    own name behold!

Many are thy sons, O Mother, !  
    shining band!

Gentle peace in all thy borders  
    O happy land!

Perfect is thy restoration, bright  
    stand.

Here, a figure of the heavenly, s

11.

servants, though unworthy, temples of  
race to be;  
; in flesh or spirit prove disloyal unto  
cated service praise Thy name ador-

oyal Priest, Thine altar here hence-  
a throne of light,  
n highest honour, and with many a  
ade bright,

12



Trinity,  
Highest honour, power unmeas-  
ured glory be:  
God forever and forever, Three  
in Three.

*From the Spanish Brevia*  
*John Ellerto*

**CHRIST THE REDEEMER:**

Children before whose steps raised their  
hosannas of praise.

Glory, and honour, and laud be to Thee, King,  
Christ the Redeemer!

Thy Monarch art Thou, and the glorious of  
spring of David,

That approachest a King, blessed in the  
name of the Lord.

Glory, and honour, and laud be to Thee, King,  
Christ the Redeemer!

As to Thee in the highest the heavenly

we with our prayers and our hymns  
presence approach.

Glory, and honour, and laud be to Thee  
Christ the Redeemer!

They to Thee proffered their praise :  
herald Thy dolorous Passion;  
We to the King on His throne utter  
hymn.

Glory, and honour, and laud be to Thee  
Christ the Redeemer!

They were then pleasing to Thee, and

honour, and

the Redeemer!

on o'er the world be to us for our  
shades of palm tree:

Conqueror's joy this to Thee still be  
song:

and honour, and laud be to Thee, King,  
O Lord the Redeemer,

before whose steps raised their  
hymns of praise.

*Theodulph, ninth century*

*John Mason Neale, tr.*

And Thy celestial grace ext  
To fill the hearts which Th

Who Paraclete art said to b  
Gift which the highest G  
Fountain of life, fire, charity  
Ointment, whence ghostly

Thy sevenfold grace Thou do  
Of God's right hand Thou  
Thou, by the Father promiséd  
Unto our mouths dost spee

easéd to instruct our .....  
know the Father and the Son ;  
Spirit who them both doth bind  
et us believe while ages run.

God the Father glory great,  
And to the Son, who from the dead  
ose, and to the Paraclete,  
Beyond all time imaginéd.

*Tenth century.*

*Drummond of Hawthornden, tr*

U The world's foundation  
Come visit every pious min  
Come pour Thy joys on hun  
From sin and sorrow set u  
And make Thy temples wor

O Source of uncreated light  
The Father's promised Para  
Thrice holy fount, thrice ho  
Our hearts with heavenly lo  
Come, and Thy sacred uncti  
To sanctify us, while we sir

ANGELS ARE OUR HELPERS.

ities help, our vice control,  
he senses to the soul;  
on rebellious they are grown,  
Thy hand, and hold them down.

om our minds the infernal foe,  
ce, the fruit of love, bestow;  
; our feet should step astray,  
and guide us in the way.

eternal truths receive,  
ctise all that we believe:





gracious inspiration  
l of Thy creation.  
r from God descending,  
unction ever blending—  
living waters flowing,  
love forever glowing.  
l, precious gifts conferring,  
f the Lord, unerring—  
by the Father given,  
of the speech of heaven—  
senses light securing,  
hearts with love enduring;

Let us praise through thee

To the God who being great

To the Son who rose to save

To the Spirit sanctifying

Glory be through life un-

*Erasmus*

- - -  
**Alleluia.**

ry of their King  
ransom'd people sing

**Alleluia.**

hoirs that dwell on high  
cho through the sky

**Alleluia.**

ugh the fields of Paradise that roam,  
ed ones, repeat through that bright

**Alleluia.**

Ye floods and ocean billows!  
Ye storms and winter snow!  
Ye days of cloudless beauty!  
Hear frost and summer glow!  
Ye groves that wave in spring,  
And glorious forests, sing

First let the birds, with painted pl  
Exalt their great Creator's praise,

Then let the beasts of earth with v

arth and continents, reply  
Alleluia.

ll creation made,  
hymn be duly paid:  
Alleluia.

rain, the eternal strain, the Lord  
ngs loves:  
Alleluia.

ng, the heav'nly song, that Christ  
approves:  
Alleluia.

consume;

It is spring there forever; per  
White lilies, blushing crocus,  
sweet perfume.

Green the meadows and the co  
brooks with honey flowing  
Soft odours from all colours, liq  
bestowing,  
Woods of flowery trees, their fr  
ever growing.

No change in it

tain purged away, from fleshly con-  
eed,  
iritual body in one law agreed,  
of that great peace no snares of sin  
l.

all that suffered change, to the  
of their race  
, and with Present Truth standing  
face  
iving Well-spring drink the sweetness



Oh what joy to find Thee near  
Oh what bliss to hold Thee here

Fills the heart delight untold,  
Heavenly fellowship I hold;  
Could such joys forever last,  
All too quickly are they past!

What so long I asked, I see,  
What I sought I have in Thee;  
And, while joying in Thy love,  
Long the more for Thee above.

which heavenly  
which dwells in inmost hearts,  
which lightens up the mind,  
are true alone can find;—

that sweet and holy fire,  
that ardent, blest desire,  
that rich refection,  
beg Thee, eternal Son!

born of the Virgin-womb,  
divinely light in earthly gloom;  
enabled once, to glory raised,

There to have its joyous part.

To the Father gone art Thou,  
Entered Heaven's glory now;  
And my heart is gone from me,  
Bound, O Christ, in love to Thee!

Lord, we follow with our praise—  
Vows, and prayers, and hymns we  
Grant, O Christ, eternally  
There to dwell in light with Thee!

*Bernard of Clairvaux, twelfth ce*

And the strong man arm'd is  
    spoil'd,—

his armour, which he trusted,  
By the stronger arm despoil'd.  
Conquish'd is the prince of hell,  
Slain by the Cross he fell.

On the purest light resplendent  
Shone those seats of darkness through  
Him, to save whom He created,  
God will'd to create anew.

That the sinner might not perish,

He is slain as he would slay

Thus the King all hell hath

Gloriously and mightily;

On the first day leaving Had

Victor He returns on high

With Himself mankind uprais

When He rose from out the

Thus restoring what creating

In its origin He gave.

By the sufferings of his Make

To his perfect Paradise

for weary souls! for brave reward!  
For our all in all shall be the Lord.

King! what holy court! what palace fit  
For peace! what solace! what rejoicing throng  
Of glorious dwellers! your own joy reveal,  
And utter all your spirits feel.

O Jerusalem! that state above!  
Where peace unending is our highest love;  
Where longing hope cannot true joy forerun;  
Where perfect happiness and hope are one!

~~Homeward from Babylon we fondly yearn,~~  
Homeward from Babylon we fondly yearn,  
After long, weary exile, to return.

*Peter Abelard, twelfth c.*

*Edward A. Washburn*

Be sober and keep vigil,

The Judge is at the gate:

The Judge that comes in mercy,

The Judge that comes with might

To terminate the evil,

To diadem the right.

When the just and gentle Monarch

Shall summon from the tomb,

Let man, the guilty, tremble,

For Man, the God, shall doom.

Arise, arise, good Christian,

Let right to wrong succeed;

Let penitential sorrow



whose own it was before,—  
Then glory yet unheard of  
Shall shed abroad its ray,  
Resolving all enigmas,  
An endless Sabbath-day.  
Then, then from his oppressors  
The Hebrew shall go free,  
And celebrate in triumph  
The year of jubilee;  
And the sunlit land that reck  
Of tempest nor of fight,  
Shall fold within its bosom  
Each happy Israelite:

-----, -----,  
Divinest, sweetest, best.  
Yes, peace! for war is needless,—  
Yes, calm! for storm is past,—  
And goal from finished labour,  
And anchorage at last.  
That peace—but who may claim it  
The guileless in their way,  
Who keep the ranks of battle,  
Who mean the thing they say:  
The peace that is for heaven,  
And shall be for the earth:  
The palace that re-echoes

There nothing can be won  
'Tis fury, ill, and scandal,  
'Tis peaceless peace befall  
Peace, endless, strifeless,  
The halls of Syon know  
O happy, holy portion,  
Refection for the blest  
True vision of true beaut  
Sweet cure of all distr  
Strive, man, to win that  
Toil, man, to gain that  
Send hope before to gra  
Will here be lost in air

en to the last great supper  
The faithful shall come in:  
When the heavenly net is laden  
With fishes many and great;  
Glorious in its fullness,  
Yet so inviolate:  
And perfect from unperfected,  
And fall'n from them that stand,  
And the sheep-flock from the goat-herd  
Shall part on either hand:  
And these shall pass to torment,  
And those shall triumph then;

The sacred, ransomed number  
Now bright with endless sh  
Who made the Cross their wa  
Of Jesus Nazarene:  
Who, fed with heavenly necta  
Where soul-like odours play  
Draw out the endless leisure  
Of that long, vernal day:  
And through the sacred lilies,  
And flowers on every side,  
The happy dear-bought people  
Go wandering far and wide

---

ness of His love,  
s, instead of torment,  
l joys above:  
of torment, glory;  
d of death, that life  
with your happy country,  
Israelites, is rife.  
life is here our portion;  
f sorrow, short-liv'd care;  
e that knows no ending,  
tearless life, is there.  
y retribution!

- 1 - rest:

By Sister Water, O my Lord,

And praised is my Lord  
By Brother Fire,—he who li  
Jocund, robust is he, and st

Praised art Thou, my Lord,  
Thou, who sustainest her ar  
And to her flowers, fruits, h  
give and birth.

And praised is my Lord  
By those who, for Thy love  
And bear the weakness and

And they that know and see Him  
    Shall have Him for their own.  
The miserable pleasures  
    Of the body shall decay:  
The bland and flattering struggles  
    Of the flesh shall pass away:  
And none shall there be jealous;  
    And none shall there contend:  
Fraud, clamour, guile—what say I?  
    All ill, all ill shall end!  
And there is David's Fountain,  
    And life in fullest glow,



Of that eternal hymn:  
O sacred, sweet refection,  
And peace of seraphim!  
O thirst, forever ardent,  
Yet evermore content!  
O true, peculiar vision  
Of God cunctipotent!  
Ye know the many mansions  
For many a glorious name  
And divers retributions  
That divers merits claim  
For midst the constellations  
That deck our earthly space

thee my thoughts are anxious,  
And strive and pant and yearn:  
Jerusalem the only,  
That look'st from heaven below,  
Thee is all my glory;  
In me is all my woe!  
And though my body may not,  
My spirit seeks thee fain,  
Till flesh and earth return me  
To earth and flesh again.  
None can tell thy bulwarks,  
How gloriously they rise:  
None can tell thy capitals

Thou city of the angels!  
Thou city of the Lord!  
Whose everlasting music  
Is the glorious decachord!  
And there the band of prophe  
United praise ascribes,  
And there the twelvefold chor  
Of Israel's ransomed tribes:  
The lily-beds of virgins,  
The roses' martyr-glow,  
The cohort of the Fathers  
Who kept the faith below.

~~On that securest shore,~~

On that securest shore,  
hope thee, wish thee, sing thee,  
And love thee evermore!  
ask not for my merit:

I seek not to deny  
My merit is destruction,

A child of wrath am I:  
But yet with faith I venture

And hope upon my way;  
With those perennial guerdons  
I labour night and day.

The best and dearest Father

And David's Royal Fountain  
Purge every sin away.  
O mine, my golden Syon!  
O lovelier far than gold!  
With laurel-girt battalions,  
And safe victorious fold:  
O sweet and blessed country,  
Shall I ever see thy face?  
O sweet and blessed country,  
Shall I ever win thy grace?  
I have the hope within me  
To comfort and to bless!

only, His forever,  
thou shalt be, and thou art!

*Bernard of Cluny, twelfth century.*

*John Mason Neale, tr.*

**S** Wipe the tear-drops from  
Not at Simon's board thou kneel  
Pouring thy repentant sighs:  
All with thy glad heart rejoices  
All things sing with happy voice  
Hallelujah!

Laugh with rapture, Magdalena!  
Be thy drooping forehead bright  
Banished now is every anguish,  
Breaks anew thy morning light  
Christ from death the world hat

100

yes, O Magdalena!  
living Master stands;  
e, as ever, smiling;  
e wounds upon His hands,  
t, His sacred side,—  
deck the Glorified:  
llelujah!

live, O Magdalena!  
g is thy new-born day;  
oosom pant with pleasure,  
's poor terror flee away;  
— of sadness.



**C**OME, Holy Spirit, nigh,  
And from the heaven  
Send forth Thy radiance  
Come, Father of the poor,  
Thou giv'st us more and'more  
Each heart through Thee

Of all consolers best,  
Refreshment ever blest,  
Sweet inmate of the soul  
Our refuge from the heat,  
Rest to the weary feet,

Bind up our wounds that bleed;  
and Thou the stubborn will,  
the feeble cherish still,  
And help the wanderer's need.

let Thy faithful see,  
Who put their trust in Thee,  
Gifts from Thy sevenfold store;  
reward their labours past  
and place them safe at last  
In bliss for evermore.

*Thirteenth century*

*D. T. Morgan tr*

**F**ULL of beauty st  
By the mangle  
Where her Little  
For her inmost soul's  
In its fervid jubilation  
Thrills with ecst

O what glad, what ra  
Filled that blessed n  
By the Sole-Beg  
How, her heart with  
She beheld the work  
Gave His birth &

With oxen saw His station  
Subjected to cold and woe:  
Her sweetest Offspring's wailing,  
Men Him with worship hailing,  
In the stable, mean and low.

Lying in the manger,  
Only armies sang the Stranger,  
In the great joy bearing part;  
The old man with the maiden,  
Word speaking, only laden  
With this wonder in their heart.

impressing  
aved remain:  
eaven descending,  
anager's tending,  
His pain.



dness bringing,



Virgin, peerless of condition,  
Be not wroth with my petition,  
    Let me clasp thy little Son:  
Let me bear that Child so glorious,  
Him, whose birth, o'er death victorious,  
    Will'd that life for man was won.

Let me, satiate with my pleasure,  
Feel the rapture of thy Treasure  
    Leaping for that joy intense:  
That, inflam'd by such communion,  
Through the marvel of that union  
    I may thrill in every sense.

All that love that stable truly,  
And the shepherds watching duly,  
    Tarry there the live-long night:  
Pray, that by thy Son's dear merit,  
His elected may inherit  
    Their own country's endless light.

*Thirteenth century.*

*John Mason Neale, tr.*

¶ ¶ By the cross  
Hung aloft on Cal  
Through her soul, in  
Bowed in grief, in spi  
Pierced the sword i  
Filled with grief beyo  
Mother—blesséd amor  
Of the God-begotte  
How she sorroweth ar  
Trembling as she thus  
Dying her unspotted  
Who could there refr

For the trespass of His nation  
She beheld His laceration,  
    By their scourges suffering.  
She beheld her dearest taken,  
Crucified, and God-forsaken,  
    Dying by their torturing.  
Mother, fountain of affection,  
Let me share thy deep dejection,  
    Let me share thy tenderness;  
Let my heart, thy sorrow feeling,  
Love of Christ the Lord revealing,  
    Be like thine in holiness!  
All His stripes, oh! let me feel then  
On my heart forever seal them,  
    Printed there enduringly.  
All His woes, beyond comparing,  
For my sake in anguish bearing,  
    Let me share them willingly.  
By thy side let me be weeping,  
True condolence with Him keeping,  
    Weeping all my life with thee.  
Virgin, of all virgins fairest,



Let me feel their blows :  
Let me drink the current  
From His wounds wher  
By a heavenly zeal excite  
When the judgment fires  
Then may I be justified  
On the Cross of Christ re  
Through His death redeem  
By His favor fortified;  
When my mortal frame is  
Let my spirit then be che  
And in heaven be glorif

—  
Low

Who

The

An



That He might make us, sinful men  
Like God, and like Himself again.

In this, our Christmas happiness,  
The Lord with festive hymns we bless.

The Holy Trinity be praised,  
To God our ceaseless thanks be raised.

*Fourteenth cen*  
*Elizabeth R. Cha*

**H** When shall I come to th  
When shall my sorrows have ar  
Thy joyes when shall I see?

O happie harbor of the saints,  
O sweete and pleasant soyle,  
In thee no sorrow may be foun  
Noe greefe, noe care, noe to

In thee noe sickness may be s  
Noe hurt, noe æche, noe sor  
There is noe death, nor ugly c  
But life for evermore.

Hierusalem! Hierusalem!

God grant I once may see  
Thy endless joyes, and of the sam  
Partaker aye to bee!

Thy walls are made of pretious st  
Thy bulwarkes diamondes squar  
Thy gates are of right orient pear  
Exceedinge riche and rare.

Thy turrets and thy pinnacles  
With carbuncles doe shine:

Noe spider's web, noe curt, noe  
Noe filthe may there be seen

Ah! my sweete home, Hierusale  
Wouk' God I were in thee!  
Would God my woes were at an  
Thy joyes that I might see!

Thy saints are crowned with gl  
They see God face to face;  
They triumph still, they still re  
Most happy is their case.

But there they live in such delight  
Such pleasure, and such play,  
As that to them a thousand year  
Doth seeme as yesterday.

Thy vineyardes and thy orchards  
Most beautifull and faire,  
Full furnishéd with trees and fruit  
Exceeding riche and rare.

Thy gardens and thy gallant wal  
Continuallie are greene;

What tongue can tell of heav'n  
The ioyes that there are found

Quyt through the streetes, with s  
The Flood of Life doth flowe;  
Upon whose banks, on evrie syd  
The Wood of Life doth grow.

The trees for evermore beare fr  
And evermore doe springe;  
There evermore the angels sit,  
And evermore doe singe.



Te Deum doth Saint Ambrose sing  
Saint Austine doth the like;  
Ould Simeon and Zacharie  
Have not their songes to seek

There Magdalene hath left her ring  
And cheerfullie doth singe  
With blessed Saints, whose harn  
In everie street doth ringe.

Hierusalem! my happie home!  
Would God I were in thee!



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